

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*  
Buck. Farewell my Lord.

*Exit Buckingham.*

Yorke. Whose within there?  
*Enter one.*

One. My Lord.

Yorke. Sirrah, go will the Earles of Salisbury and Warwick to  
sup with me to night.

*Exit Yorke.*  
*Exit.*

*Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fist, and Duke  
Humfrey and Suffolke, and the Cardinall, as if  
they came from Hawking.*

Queene. My Lord, how did your grace like this last flight?  
But as I cast her off the winde did rise,  
And twas ten to one, old Ione had not gone out.

King. How wonderfull the Lords workes are on earth,  
Euen in these silly creatures of his hands,  
Vnkle Gloster, how hye your hawke did soe,  
And on a sodaine sou'd the Partridge downe.

Suff. No maruell if it please your Maiesty,  
My Lord Protector's hawkes do towre so well,  
They know their master sores a Faulcons pitch.

Hum. Faith my Lord, it's but a base minde,  
That sores no higher then a bird can soe.

Card. I thought your Grace would be aboue the clouds.

Hum. Imy Lord Cardinall, were it not good  
Your grace could fly to heauen.

Card. Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts. beare  
on a Crowne, proud Protector, dangerous Peere, to smoothe it  
thus with King and Commonwealth.

Hum. How now my Lord, why this is more then needs, church  
men so hot? Good vnkle can you do't.

Suf. Why not, hauing so good a quarrell, and so bad a cause?

Hum. As how, my Lord?

Suf. As you, my Lord, and t'like your Lordly Lordes Prote-  
ctorship.

Hum. Why Suffolke, England knowes thy insolence.

*Queene*

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

Queene. And thy ambition Gloster,

King. Cease gentle Queene, and whette  
Lords to wrath, for blessed are the peace-

Card. Let me be blessed for the peace I  
Against this proud Protector with my sw

Hum. Faith holy Vnkle, I would it wer

Card. Euen when thou dar'st.

Hum. Dare: I tel thee Priest, Plantagenet  
the dare.

Card. I am Plantagenet as well as thou,  
Gaunt.

Hum. In bastardy.

Card. I scorne thy words.

Hum. Make vppe no factious numbers,  
person meete me at the East end of the g

Card. Here's my hand, I will.

King. Why how now Lords?

Card. Faith Cofin Gloster, had not you  
we had had more sport to day, Come wi  
ler.

Hum. Gods mother Priest Ile shaue you

Card. Protector, protect thy selfe well.

King. The winde growes high, so dothy

*Enter one crying a miracle,*

How now? Now sirra, what miracle is it

One. And it please your Grace, there is  
to S. Albones, and hath receiued his sigh

King. Go fetch him hether, that wee may  
him.

*Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and h  
fieke, bearing the man that had be  
two in a chaire*

King. Thou happy man, giue God eter  
For he it is that thus hath helped thee:  
Where wast thou borne?

Poore man, At Barwicke please your Ma

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